

NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.

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Ward De France completing his Work of Butchery on Mr. H. Stein in the presence of Stein's Wife and Children, at Lake Providence, La.



Street Scenes in New York. Boothblack's Pastime—Playing Cat.

BREACH OF PROMISE.

TROUBLES OF A BROADWAY MERCHANT.

He is sued by a Fair Widow—Damages laid at Twenty-five Thousand Dollars.

THE AGGRIEVED LADY A MATRON AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

Her Tender Heart Dissected—Spicy Letters from the Defendant, &c., &c.

ROMANTIC LOVE CORRESPONDENCE.

WALKS BY MOONLIGHT.

"Bellevue Hospital has become famous for more particular than those of dissecting-rooms, medicines, surgical operations, diseases, lectures, and the hundreds of other sickening concomitants which go to make up the daily routine of such an institution. A great deal of commotion is undoubtedly made over the inanimate bodies which lie on the dissecting tables. But the present troubles have arisen there more recently, relative to a being in whose veins runs warm blood, and whose beating heart has received a severe stroke. Without going further, we may say that this being is none other than a handsome lady, with a large heart, which has not, we are happy to state, been exposed to the dissecting knife, but, alas! the neglect and abandonment of a gay suitor has cut more deeply into it than any more metallic instrument could well accomplish.

Mrs. Susan L. Corwin is the lady in question. She is employed as a matron at Bellevue Hospital, and is a widow with two children. Notwithstanding the fact that Mrs. Corwin has already been united in the holy bands of matrimony to a former gentleman, and has participated in all the pleasures and enjoyments incidental to married existence, yet she still retains an exceedingly handsome exterior—a pair of black, speaking eyes, overshadowed with



The End of one more Unfortunate at Bellevue, Ill.

Howepow congregation became involved in the melee between the parties, and for a time the injunctions of the church were the only means of maintaining political contention. The trial lasted several days, each jury mustered their forces; heavy fees were paid by Bro. Burns to Tom Marshall, Kirkpatrick, and Mellon, and by Bro. Hunter to Hamer, and to the jury, who, as the trial proceeded, the jury, after a lengthened absence, returned a verdict, giving Bro. Burns one hundred and fifty dollars damages. He claimed five thousand. If this ends the controversy, it is presumed Rev. Hunter will be permitted to proceed and "feed his lambs." The difficulties between the parties, as near as your correspondent can ascertain, arose from the fact that there is a U. S. Presbyterian church in Howepow, and that the majority of the members of the majority of Republicans, while that of Rev. Hunter's Old Presbyterian was composed almost entirely of Democrats. Bro. Burns being one of the exceptions. "So mote it be."

DISSENTS CONTRAST BETWEEN PROSTITUTES.

For a number of years past Pittsburgh, Allegheny and their surroundings have been infested by a low set of prostitutes as ever infested the Five Points. Two of the most depraved of these characters, Belle Kelly and "Cal,"—black—the former white and the latter colored—had a date to-day or two ago on Ohio street, Allegheny, near the Western Penitentiary. They went at each other with a will, and in the end "Cal" was the victor. He seized her by the nose, and "Cal," rushing to the door, seized a stone and hurled it at the head of her antagonist, the missile striking her upon the forehead and felling her to the ground. "Cal" then rushed forward, and in the act of reaching the brains out of her former companion in crime, when Captain Drann, formerly Mayor of Allegheny, and who is now a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, seized the terragnant and had her conducted to the Tombs, from whence she was transferred to the county jail, where she now is awaiting the result of Belle's injuries. The latter, after being conveyed to Passavant's Hospital, where she remains in an almost hopeless condition, her skull having been broken in two places. She haills, however, from the mind, and was formerly a school teacher, and is a woman of some intelligence. As a result of the assault, she has sacrificed her virtue, and fell, degree by degree, until she became so depraved as to become a prostitute. Her fall was the result of the fact that she was neither of her own interests or the appreciation of those with whom she had intercourse in brighter and happier days.

DEATH BY SUICIDE—UNREQUITED LOVE.

Some two years ago a rather good-looking German, named Adolph Kohler, a native of Hanover, left the place of his birth and took up his abode in this city. By dint of industry and frugality he amassed sufficient means to start a business on his own account, and a month ago was living in high hopes as he regarded the future. Shortly after his arrival here he became acquainted with a young lady of promising appearance, residing on Penn street, in the first ward, to whom he devoted the attention of his leisure hours, and in the course of time he became so warmly interested in her, that he was induced to make the declaration that his affection was reciprocated. At some two days ago he proposed marriage, but, confident that his offer was reciprocated, he was mistaken. His offer was not only a wrong, but he was informed by the young lady that his affections were wasted on a cold, heartless creature. He was so shocked and mortified by the rejection of his offer, that he was driven to the desperate step of suicide, and he was informed by the young lady that his affections were wasted on a cold, heartless creature. He was so shocked and mortified by the rejection of his offer, that he was driven to the desperate step of suicide, and he was informed by the young lady that his affections were wasted on a cold, heartless creature.

IMPORTANT CRIMES.

In the Criminal Court, a day or two since, Judge Brown issued a very salutary order, in which it is required of all committing magistrates to hand over to the clerk of the courts all articles taken from the persons of prisoners, said articles to be duly receipted for by him, and retained in the custody of the clerk, until the prisoner is released. This order is a very timely one, and will save many a unfortunate from being fleeced by unscrupulous magistrates, of whom we have more than one in this immediate vicinity.

THE WESTERN PENITENTIARY.

The publication in one of the city papers, and also in the *National Police Gazette*, of a recent date, with regard to the lax manner in which affairs are conducted at the Western Penitentiary, has excited the indignation of some of the officers of that institution from their habitual dishonesty. The community having been accused to the necessity of a change in the management of the institution, the able

hands, which they have done by securing the publication in the *Gazette* of this city, of a milk and water article, which simply goes to show that a certain prisoner did not escape from that well regulated institution. I will deal with this subject more in detail in my next to the entire satisfaction of at least some of the parties interested in the controversy. Yours always and always yours, PITT.

Correspondence National Police Gazette.

WILLIAMSBURG.

Appalling Murder and Suicide.

A HUSBAND CUTS HIS WIFE'S THROAT, AND THEN
CUTS HIS OWN.

DESPERATE CHARACTER OF THE HOMICIDE.

The region of "Gonnofftown" (Williamsburg) has been once more the theatre of wildly bloody crime. In addition to the fearful crime of murder, there is added in this

of suicide. The terrible deed was perpetrated on Monday morning last. The excitement attending the double tragedy, the fact that the woman was a mother, and the dark with such fearful effect as to murder one human being and place the life of another in jeopardy, has scarcely subsided when yet another and more frightful deed perpetrated in the same neighborhood.

At about eight o'clock on Monday morning, officer James Lee, of the Forty-fifth Precinct, while patrolling his beat in the vicinity of the intersection of Broadway and Third street, rushed out of the basement of a tenement-house between First and Second streets, with blood streaming from her throat and her face deathly pale. The officer immediately rushed forward and inquired the cause of her distress. When he reached her she fell dead upon the sidewalk without uttering a word.

It was ascertained that the woman's throat had been cut by her husband, a notoriously desperate fellow named Thomas Mullane, and the utmost excitement prevailed in the neighborhood.

On being informed of the still warm body of the murdered woman, he observed her murderous husband ascending from the basement where he committed the crime, and he immediately followed him.

When Mullane saw Officer Lee approach he made an apparent effort to commit self-destruction by cutting his throat, and the officer, who knew well the desperate character of the man, immediately drew his revolver and cried, "You'll be sorry for it!" The officer then made an effort to disarm and secure Mullane, but the latter showed a desperate resistance, and, in the struggle, the officer was struck in the face with his own razor, and, in self-defense, he struck him with his locust.

The murderer then escaped the clutches of the officer and ran a few feet, when he stopped and drew the razor from his pocket and held it up to his face. He then attempted to run further, when he fell fainting on the

By this time a large number of excited persons of both sexes had congregated around the body of the murdered woman, and they finally removed it to the apartments of John J. Sullivan, a well known salaried physician. A tragedy occurred, and where Mullane and his wife were temporarily abiding. The police, finding that Mullane still lived, removed him to the station-house, in Fourth street, and, accompanied him to the morgue, where his body was found beyond suspicion. He died within an hour.

The bodies of both the murdered woman and the suicide were given in charge to Coroner Smith, who directed that they be sent to the dead-house, in the Western District.

The previous character of the murderer and suicide was very bad. He has always been a terror to his neighbors and an annoyance to the police. About a year ago he assaulted Officer Colahan, of the Forty-fifth Precinct, with a stick, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for three months. He never got out of the penitentiary for that term then he renewed his bad courses, and finally on the night of the 19th of June last he shot and seriously injured Officer Smith.

very latter defence at the time, but was not tried until this year, when he pleaded guilty to assault, with intent to murder. Mulhane was sentenced to a term of five years in the penitentiary. This term of imprisonment expired on Friday last, when he returned to his wife and child, and they have lived harmoniously together until the time of the tragedy. He even treated his unhappy woman with extreme kindness a short time previous to murdering her. The murder was as sudden as the death of King. Mulhane was in the habit of carrying a revolver, and when he suddenly stopped, seized his wife by the hair of her head, and inflicted the wound which caused her death. So suddenly was this accomplished that Mulhane did not know what he was doing, and saw nothing of it until he saw the blood streaming from the murdered woman and the bloody weapon held above her head by the murderer.

dening instinct of jealousy, no wrong to be redressed, no insult to be avenged; in short, nothing that can be called the usual promptings to the extreme violence of murder. Here was an old couple, named William Hoffman and his wife; the former over seventy years old; the latter something less. Born and raised in this State, and residing for forty years in the vicinity of where they met their fatal doom, they were well known to the people of that part of Rockland county; a fact well attested by the large and respectable procession that followed their remains to the grave yesterday afternoon. They had no children, their means were moderate, and they lived a quiet life of land extending around their dwelling for a short distance, but nevertheless they contrived to live contentedly, and even to save a few hundred dollars, what perhaps appeared a fortune of ample proportions to them. The old couple took a little boy to live with them and here it may be as well to say that the many rumors in circulation that the murder was committed for plunder, that more than one was engaged in it, and that it was wrapped up in mystery that nobody knows where to direct the hand of justice in pursuit of the perpetrator, are believed to be without foundation, as spectators have been in the house and seen the axe with which the bloody deed was committed, and found undisturbed the bureau where all the earthly treasure of the two old people was deposited, none of which, it is believed, was stolen. They conclude that circumstances point to a source whence the crime emanated that other facts seem to strengthen. As was said before the old folks took parental charge of a boy, the orphan of some neighbor. He was kindly treated and every reason to be grateful to his aged benefactors. He grew up to man's estate, went abroad through the country, occasionally visited the old couple and spent a few days with them. A short time ago, feeling alive to the necessity of providing some place of shelter for himself through the coming winter, he called on his old guardians and announced his intention of living with them, or rather living on them. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman, protested against this reason, pointing out their limited means, and directing his attention to the necessity of learning a means of living for himself. Perhaps the old lady might have addressed him in rather rude terms, and that he had abused her kindness, and in the end perhaps bade him quit the house and make his appearance there no more. One thing, however, is certain, or rather it has received such general circulation and such general credence that it is useless to raise the question of mere rumor. The supposed murderer told his victims that they would certainly regret their action in turning him adrift. Mr. Hoffman mentioned this threat to a neighbor, but gave it no further consideration. Harmless through life, with a character beyond reproach, and though not quite feeble, yet aged and venerable, the old man could not bring himself to fear aught of evil from any human being. But for such is the name of the suspected murderer, brooded, it is thought, over his expulsion from Hoffman's house and meditated the deed, which has unfortunately been too well accomplished.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman were alive on Saturday, for the milk boy who called daily to purchase the milk yielded by the solitary cow which the old couple kept, testifies he saw them. He saw them again on Sunday, and perhaps, as it was the Sabbath, he was the only one that did see them that day, for they lived very secluded and their dwelling had no neighborly surroundings. A farmer states that he saw Mr. Hoffman on Monday. The boy says he was as usual on Monday to get the milk, but finding the door closed he walked away without making any comment. On Tuesday he made his appearance, and what struck him more on Tuesday than on Monday was the howling of the cow. He overheard this, also, but on Wednesday morning the howling of the cow became so loud and incessant, that he drew a laboring man's attention to it, remarking, of course, that the cow was suffering from retention of milk. The woman went to the door and forced in the door, and in a corner of the principal room there lay, side by side in bed, Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman, hacked to pieces, while the weapon that had done the fearful deed, lay with the handle resting against the bed, the blade covered with blood. A huge axe for chopping wood, belonging to Mr. Hoffman, was used by the murderer. To confirm the suspicions that it was this young man who perpetrated the murder, the boy says he saw that the axe which belonged to the old man, it was customary with him for years to place outside the entrance to his bedroom, in a corner near the hall door. A stranger intent upon the deed, would have been aware of the weapon along, and if meditating robbery, he only knew the feeble character of those he intended to rob, he had simply to bid them be still and his object would be accomplished. Such, for such is the name of the suspected murderer, concerning the perpetration of the deed by the immediate neighbors.

A reward of \$1,000 has been offered for the arrest of the murderer.

An Extraordinary Attempt at Murder.

SHOCKING OUTRAGE BY A RECKLESS YOUNG VAGABOND.

HE ATTACKED THREE BOYS IN A WAGON—TWO OF THEM DIED IN A FEW MINUTES—NARROW ESCAPE OF THE THIRD.

The inhabitants of the village of Saltersville, in the township of Greenville, N. J., were thrown into the greatest state of excitement on Saturday afternoon, when a reckless young vagabond, named James Spencer, to murder three boys, John H. S. Thomas, Charles Wait and Joseph Salter, by shooting them. Two of the boys, Thomas and Wait, are very dangerously if not fatally wounded.

It appears that in the latter part of Saturday afternoon, young Thomas, son of George W. Thomas, baker, aged fifteen years, went out with a horse and wagon, accompanied by the two lads above named, to collect brushwood for kindling, and when returning home, on what is known as the New Road, Spencer, armed with a shot gun, emerged from a wood, jumped over the fence, and fired at the boys, without the least provocation, shot them. Young Wait received over twenty shots in the side, shoulder and head, one penetrating at the side of the eye and fell out of the front of the wagon, between the horse and the driver. Young Thomas was struck by six shots, one penetrating the left side in the region of the heart, and one in the right eye, one on the forehead over each eye, and one in the left elbow, which caused him to fall over the side of the wagon. The boy Salter escaped uninjured by dropping down behind some of the brush in the wagon, as Spencer raised the gun to his shoulder to fire. The injured boys jumped up, and, in a bewildered state of mind, ran across the road, and into the village, until they were met by some citizens, who conveyed them to their homes, where medical aid was soon called in. Subsequently it appears that the perpetrator of the deed returned to his mother's house, and remained there for some time, spreading rapidly, and people came flocking in from all parts of the village to learn the particulars. At first it was supposed that the shooting was the result of accident, but when it became known that the act was deliberate, and the perpetrator became greatly enraged, and this, in connection with the fact that young Spencer is looked upon as a sort of an outlaw, led to a proposition from some of the more excited ones to track him down, and kill him. A committee was organized, however, and it was decided not to do any unlawful act. The next move was to secure the arrest of the culprit, and search was made for a considerable time, but none was to be found in the village, and none of the citizens were willing to take the responsibility of making the arrest without a warrant of law. A guard was accordingly placed around the house of the mother of the boy—whose name by accident was disclosed in the paper—where he was hiding, and a messenger was dispatched for constable Simmons, living in another part of the town, and upon the arrival of that functionary he refused to "burn his fingers" by making the arrest without a warrant. Another delay ensued while the villagers were hunting up Justice Schults, who also lived out of town, and when the necessary papers were procured and the arrest made it was the middle of midnight. The prisoner was immediately conveyed to the County Jail to await the result of the injuries.

STATEMENT OF JOHN H. S. THOMAS.

John H. S. Thomas, one of the wounded boys, made the following statement to our reporter yesterday morning: "On Saturday afternoon I was coming up the New Road with a wagon load of brush, and was accompanied by Charles Wait and Joseph Salter; we met Spencer, who came out of the woods and got over the fence into the road; Joseph Salter was talking to him, and he said to me, 'I don't care, shut up your gab, if you don't I'll shoot you.' He then pointed the gun at us, and I told him to point it the other way or it might go off and shoot us; he replied, 'I don't care, shut up your gab then.' Then he fired, and when I told him not to fire, then he fired; Charles Wait yelled, 'I'm killed,' and fell between the horse's head and the driver, and I fell over the side of the wagon, and when I fell into some water, but got up and ran again to Mrs. Arnick's (colored) house, and got some water and washed my face; we then started and got part way home, when I met my father and he carried me the rest of the way; when we heard Spencer coming the gun Salter threw himself down behind the brush and was not injured; Spencer was twelve yards off when he fired; the gun was very heavily charged with bird and duck shot, about twenty-five of which struck the side of the wagon, and the brushwood was literally riddled; Spencer saw the boys coming in the wagon before they came opposite to him in the road, and the boy who was near by said he saw him put a handful of shot into the gun just before firing.

Spencer is between seventeen and nineteen years of age, bears a very bad character, and, it now appears, has twice before, within a short time, shot at boys. About two weeks since he fired at Charles Wait, a brother of the wounded boy, but he escaped by jumping behind a tree, which received the charge intended for him. A few days ago he shot a chicken belonging to Mrs. McGee, and when she came out to remonstrate, he told her to shut up or he would shoot her. Previous to this occurrence, on Saturday, Spencer was discharging his piece close by a negro woman's house when she came out and ordered him away, when he threatened to shoot some one, and turning around, fired at her little boy, "Billy Bus," putting five shot through the top of his hat, which was on his head. For the past nine years the mother of the accused has resided in Virginia with her second son, Thomas Cripe, the accused being left with his grandfather at Saltersville. About three years ago young Spencer was turned away by his grandfather for robbing his money drawer, and was sent West, but ran



Precoity in Crime—The Boy Murderer at Saltersville, N. J.

away from there, and finally found his way to his mother's in Virginia, where he is said to have led a sort of wild bushwacking life. The family being in great distress there, the people of Saltersville raised money to pay his way back, young Spencer accompanying his mother, and her husband remaining. Mr. Salter refused to subscribe to the fund, and the supposition is that Spencer had an ill-feeling against him, and intended to revenge himself by shooting his boy.

The two wounded boys are in a very critical condition, and the physicians give no hopes of the recovery of Thomas. The shot that penetrated the eye is supposed to have passed to the back of the head, and it is feared that it will work up under the brain and cause brain fever. He also raised a great quantity of blood caused by the wound in the side.

The boy Wait is much more dangerously injured than at first supposed, and it is feared will not recover. None of the shot have yet been extracted in either case.

A Jealous Husband.

HE CHASED THE OBSCURE PARTY—BURN HIM TO A FARE THEE WELL—THE HORROR OF THE SCENE.

WILLIAM LOWERY OF SALTERSVILLE, N. J., who is said to be a jealous man, lately, while riding on the Lake road, a mile or so east of the village, he saw his wife (who is said to have been in a wagon with another, in conversation with a young farmer of whom he was jealous, who was also riding in a wagon by her side. Drawing a revolver, he started for the farmer, who applied the whip to his horse and began to travel in a hurry. The farmer's horse had a little more speed than Lowery's, but the latter's was the most bottom, and after traveling one or two miles, the farmer turned up to a farm house in a hurry, and throwing a rein over a post he speedily made his way into the house and locked the door. Lowery soon rode up, and the owner of the house, when he came home soon after, found a curious condition of affairs. His door was locked and Lowery was parading about with his pistol, claiming to have captured the horse and wagon of the young farmer, who was in the house. Finally the farmer prevailed upon Lowery to raise the blockade, and Lowery went one way while the young man went another. What will be the end of the business cannot be prognosticated yet. Mrs. Lowery became heir to a farm and some other property last year, and she charges that her husband is angry because he cannot have full control of it as he wishes. There was some hard talk last year about the sudden death of her mother, and a long account was published in the *National Police Gazette*.

Shocking Accident on a Railroad.

A MAN AND HORSE SHOT TO DEATH.

A short time since a German, who resides in the West Division, says a recent Chicago, Ill., paper, started from his residence in a wagon, and with him took in a little boy and girl, the children of a neighbor. After transacting some business in the outskirts of the southern portion of the city, the man prepared to return home. When on Thrupp street, near the crossing of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad track, south of Redwood street, and at the intersection of Blue Island avenue, the driver noticed an engine approaching from the west, and, being desirous of crossing the track without interruption, he whipped his horse into a gallop. The locomotive was close upon the wagon as it neared the track, and very rashly the driver of the horse made an attempt to gain the other side. In an instant the locomotive, which was running at about the rate of twenty miles an hour, it is said, had struck the fragile wagon in the middle, dashing it into



William Lowery Chasing a Farmer for speaking to his wife at Saltersville.

on the Eastern train over the Great Western Railway, Cunningham was arrested for attempting to pass a counterfeit \$10 note, and Brown had their baggage, which had been placed on the train, detained until they could be released. Cunningham was subsequently held for the purpose of obtaining witnesses to testify on behalf of Cunningham, and as soon as he landed on the dock he was arrested for the robbery of Mr. Long's harnesses and robes. Mr. Long arrested Cunningham at the jail, when he confessed that he and Brown stole the property. Among the baggage detained, was found three sets of the stolen harnesses. Cunningham also stated that the other harness was sold to some one near Windsor, who gave him the \$10 counterfeit bill, which he had been arrested for attempting to pass, and also that the robes had been sent by Express to some place in the State of New York. Brown, however, denies all knowledge of the affair.

Last evening one Michael Nicholson was arrested, charged with the theft of \$14 from Louis C. Wilcox. It appears that the two had been together in the afternoon, and Nicholson had borrowed two dollars from Wilcox. They finally went to their boarding house at the corner of Hamilton and Franklin streets, where Wilcox lay down and fell asleep. Upon awaking he discovered that his companion had gone, and also that he had been robbed of his money. He mentioned the fact to his landlady, and as Nicholson had been seen to display some bills in the bar-room, suspicion at once rested upon him, and he was arrested at a house of ill-fame about 9 o'clock in the evening. He had but two dollars in his pocket at the time of his arrest. He was examined at the Police Court to-day, and held for trial in the sum of \$500.

ADVENTURE OF A FEATHER BED.

A rather ridiculous accident occurred on Sunday night last, at the house of a gentleman who resides near the corner of Dubois and Maple streets. Some time during the night he awoke to find his feather bed gradually departing through the open window. Bewildered at such a strange freak on the part of the feather bed, he simply caught hold of it to prevent it from going farther, and the man at the other end, finding the progress of the bed suddenly checked, tugged and pulled, supposing it had merely caught on a nail. Finally, failing to accomplish his object, he cautiously raised his head and perceived the window, when, to his astonishment, he beheld the owner holding on to it. Without stopping for further ceremony he dropped down from the window, jumped over a five-foot picket fence, and tore down the road, as though the devil had kicked him in the end, and before the proprietor of the aforesaid feather bed could collect his scattered senses sufficient to realize the true state of affairs, the burglarious chap was out of sight and reach. The motto of this fellow evidently is, "take up your neighbor's bed and walk"—a slight variation from the Scriptural text.

MAN DRUGGED AND ROBBED.

It was reported at the Police Station to-day that a man had been drugged and robbed of \$450 at Sweeney's saloon, corner of Michigan avenue and Griswold street, and Sergeant McHale repaired to the place, where he found the man in a state of stupefaction, from which all efforts to awaken him were unavailing, and a whitish foam oozing from his mouth. He was taken to the station-house, and two men, named Daniel Eastman and Samuel Steel, and a soldier named James Connors, who were in the saloon at the time, were arrested on suspicion. They were stripped and searched, but as none of the missing money was found upon their persons, Steel and Eastman were discharged, but the soldier was locked up, and will be tried for drunkenness to-morrow morning.

"Horrible—Most Horrible!"

A WHITE YOUNG LADY ABDUCTED AND RAVISHED BY A NEGRO—REAPED RETRIBUTION—HE TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT.

HE IS SKINNED ALIVE.

We find the following in late Memphis, (Tenn.), papers, viz: "Three or four days have elapsed since the dark and transaction narrated below took place at the residence of a young lady of the highest respectability and most amiable character, who was proceeding to a neighbor's house, where a party, to which she had been invited, was given, when she was seized by a negro man and forcibly drawn from the high road into the wood, her cries stifled by a cloth of some sort pressed over her mouth. Taken to a secluded and desolate spot, she was tied by the neck and wrists to a tree, for a week, while the black scoundrel effected his vile purpose, without the slightest feeling being able to offer the slightest resistance.

Two men, who were out hunting, unexpectedly came upon her, still tightly bound and alone. Her captor had left her at the moment either to procure food or pursue some other purpose. Learning from the wretched girl the circumstances of the atrocious practice upon her, they coaxed themselves until he should return. Nor had they long to wait—and upon his coming they at once seized and secured him. Believing that the victim should pronounce the monster dying a horrible death, they awaited the day when they would proceed with these hunting knives to relieve him of his epidemics. The worst re-echoed with his cries and imprecations as they stripped the skin from the soles of his feet to his body. By the time they had progressed to his waist, he could stand no more, but completely exhausted, yielded up the ghost—the monster dying a horrible death. The girl was removed to her home, where everything was done to relieve her suffering, but she died the next day in great anguish. Memphis (Tenn.) *Advertiser*.

A Bold Outrage By Negroes.

A freedman by the name of "Brack," says a late San Antonio, (Texas) paper, recently a slave of Col. Fraser of Cibola, was arrested in Wilson county, on a warrant for petit larceny, (stealing a beef), issued by Claiborne Rec- ing of said county, yesterday; said freedman was taken into custody by constable Shelden, and carried to the office of Mr. Rector. There was some delay in consequence of having to summon witnesses on the part of the freedman. During this delay twelve negro men, all mounted and armed to the teeth, rode up, demanded and took the prisoner from the freedman, which consisted of one or two unarmed men, and carried him off before their eyes. Comment is unnecessary.—San Antonio Herald.

COURT OF OYER AND TERMINER.

THE CASE OF VINCENT CODY—HE IS SENT TO THE STATE PRISON FOR LIFE—HOW THE JURY STOOD—A NARROW ESCAPE FROM THE GALLOWS—SOMETHING OF THE PRISONER'S ANTECEDENTS.

Vincent Cody was brought up, for sentence on Friday last. This unfortunate man, it will be recollected, was convicted in the Court of Oyer and Terminer of murder in the second degree, for having, in April last, shot and killed John R. Livingstone, at the saloon of Marcus Tallman, No. 17 Jefferson street, in this city. The evidence against the prisoner was strikingly conclusive, leaving no room in the minds of the jury that Cody was the perpetrator of the deed. The only difference of opinion that could at all exist was as to the degree of crime of which Cody became guilty. The prisoner and his accomplice, Allen, attacked Livingstone, and it was during this melee that the shot was fired which terminated the existence of a human being. Cody was arraigned on a charge of murder in the first degree, viz: wilful, deliberate and premeditated killing. The trial lasted two days, and matters looked exceedingly gloomy for the prisoner. The jury retired, and at one time they stood eleven for conviction for the full crime charged and one for murder in the second degree. But by one of those sudden revolutions in the minds of jurors, for which frequently there is no accounting, a verdict of murder in the second degree was returned.

WHO IS CODY?

The prisoner is a man some twenty-eight years of age, with pale complexion, dark hair and mustache, about five feet six inches in height, of apparently nervous temperament, with eyes continually rolling, and, on the whole, displaying a very evil countenance. He is said to have led an extremely hard life, having been a bounty broker, man about town, and shoulder-lifter.

THE SENTENCE.

Judge Ingraham pronounced the sentence of the law, and, in answer to Mr. Vandervort, if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, the prisoner said: "All I have got to say is that I was innocent of any intention of killing that man." The Judge then proceeded to pass sentence. He detailed the circumstances attendant upon the crime, and when alluding to the position of deceased when he was shot, Cody interrupted his Honor by remarking: "No, sir; the man was on his knees when I shot him."

The prisoner was then sentenced to the State Prison for the term of his natural life.

ABSON—LAMBERT'S CASE.

On the same day, Thomas E. Lambert, who was found guilty of arson in the first degree, for setting fire to the dwelling-house, No. 65 Oliver street, on the 10th of last August, was also sentenced. This man has strenuously asserted his innocence since his incarceration, and on being brought up for sentence still asserted his guiltlessness; remarking that if he was on the steps of the scaffold, about to be launched into eternity, he should reiterate the statement.

The evidence on the trial was entirely circumstantial. Judge Ingraham sentenced him to imprisonment in the State Prison for eleven years and six months.

Charles E. Harris, forty-six years old, deliberately shot his only son on the 20th ult., aged twenty-two years, at Kent, Portage county. The surgeons pronounce the shot fatal. Liquor and a money difficulty caused the inhuman crime. Harris is in jail.

Business Notices.

Correspondence National Police Gazette.

CINCINNATI.

A RAPE CASE—IMPORTANT EXPOSITION OF THE LAW.

MURDER IN A CIRCUS.

FETTERED PREVAILING—A CORRUPT "RING" BROKEN UP.

An aged Liberator attempts to Violate a Young Girl.

A BOGUS ABDUCTION CASE—THE SUPPOSED ABDUCTED ONE FOUND IN A BROTHEL.

SHE BLAMES HER FATHER'S TYRANNY FOR HER FLIGHT.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 19, 1907.

We have just had an interesting decision, or rather charge, relating to what, under the laws of Ohio, constitutes a rape.

The case of a young man named Tom O'Meara on a charge of committing a rape on a little girl but six or seven years old.

It will be recalled that he took her into an old building, near her residence, and there did all he could to have his will of her, and abused her to such an extent that the child's life was despaired of for some time, though finally she recovered.

O'Meara was arrested and held over on a charge of rape, and a few days since the case was tried in the Common Pleas Court of this city, Judge Torne presiding.

After a full hearing of the evidence Judge Torne gave the following charge to the jury, which is an exponent of Ohio law.

After stating what was the chief element of the crime, he said:

"Another essential element in the crime is that it must be committed forcibly and against the will of the woman. If resistance is paralyzed by terror, still the crime is committed forcibly."

The court further charged that an assault need not necessarily be committed with great violence.

Any laying of the hands on the person of another unlawfully is an assault.

The court also charged that the testimony must satisfy the jury, beyond a reasonable doubt, that one of the essential elements of the crime had been committed before they could return a verdict of guilty.

To satisfy the jury of this point, the court was not only proper to weigh the words of the witnesses, but also their manner of testifying and their appearance on the stand.

It was also proper to consider whether the girl made any outcry, or whether she made any resistance, or whether she made any attempt to escape.

The evidence of previous bad character, the court charged that it gave a man no license.

The crime of rape could be committed on the person of a streetwalker, or on the person of a virtuous woman.

Proof of previous bad character could, however, be offered for the purpose of showing that the alleged crime had been committed with the consent of the woman, and in that light the jury could consider it.

Although this did not directly refer to the case, as in this instance the girl was but a mere child, it becomes important as a clear exposition of the law, and I therefore give it.

The jury in this case disagreed, and O'Meara will be tried again.

SHOCKING MURDER IN EATON.

On Wednesday night last, while the circus of French & Co. was exhibiting at Eaton, in Preble county, near this city, a lot of drunken rowdies got into a disturbance, when one of them, named John Kennedy, was killed.

The man who killed Kennedy was named James Kennedy, and was 24 or 25 years of age. I saw the first blow struck at Kennedy while he was stooping down to assist the drunken man. Kennedy did not hear any other blow struck at him, but he heard the man who killed him say that he had killed Kennedy.

The man who killed Kennedy was named James Kennedy, and was 24 or 25 years of age. I saw the first blow struck at Kennedy while he was stooping down to assist the drunken man. Kennedy did not hear any other blow struck at him, but he heard the man who killed him say that he had killed Kennedy.

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and, the result would hardly fail to be fatal. We would call the attention of the authorities to the dangerous prevalence of this game of "cat" and urgently invite them to suppress it, as it may lead to the death of almost any citizen in both this city and Brooklyn, and unless at once taken hold of and quenched, we shall learn on some day of some agonizing disaster from this aspersed game of "cat." Let the young rowdies be dispersed in time.

A Fatal Night Affray.

THE FEW MURDER CASE IN LOUISVILLE, KY.

A MURDEROUS AFFAIR.

The case of William B. Kennedy, charged with having murdered Benjamin Few, by stabbing him with a knife, in Louisville, Ky., on the night of the 13th inst., came on for examination last week.

The prisoner is a young man of about twenty-nine years of age. He is about medium stature, light hair, fair complexion, and blue eyes. His expression is mild and pleasant—such a face as rarely if ever reflects the male and blood-thirsty heart. He is well connected, his relations being prominent among our most wealthy and respectable citizens. The evidence is remarkable for its disconnection throughout.

From the mass of it we make the following extracts representing the general features of the case in brief, viz.: Frank Moore testified—On last Saturday night, between eleven and twelve o'clock, I came out of the theatre and walked to the saloon at the corner of Third and Jefferson to get a glass of beer; I walked out of the saloon to the corner and met George McKelvey and W. B. Kennedy; they stood together some time, when a drunken man staggered by; he was found to be an old freeman, and George Beay took him across the street to the engine-house; all of the party left except Kennedy and myself; we had gone into the saloon again, and on coming out we saw another drunken man, dressed in gray clothes, sitting in the Third street door. He had fallen back.

The police officer, who passed with a drunken prisoner. Some one remarked, "Here's another; take him along too." The witness replied that he had had enough as he could attend to, or something to that effect. After the police officer had taken the prisoner, Kennedy went into the door, said, "I will take him and put him in the broker's office door." Kennedy then removed the man back to the door mentioned. While he was doing so some one else, who was not named, came in and saw Kennedy's man's face, as if trying to recognize him. Kennedy asked the stranger if he knew the man who was in the door. He said he was the man that his (Kennedy's) son had killed. Kennedy said to him then, "I thought it was you I would smack you into the street." Kennedy then went out, and the man who had been killed, who was named James Kennedy, was found dead in the street.

In answer to counsel for defense—I had been in Kennedy's company about ten minutes before the difficulty had arisen. I saw Kennedy's man being taken away by the police. I saw Kennedy's man being taken away by the police. I saw Kennedy's man being taken away by the police.

The man was taller and heavier than Mr. Kennedy. He was about 20 or 25 years of age. I saw the first blow struck at Kennedy while he was stooping down to assist the drunken man. Kennedy did not hear any other blow struck at him, but he heard the man who killed him say that he had killed Kennedy.

James Bacon, sworn-in, was in the Eldorado saloon drinking on the night of the 13th inst., at the time the man who killed Kennedy was taken away by the police. I saw Kennedy's man being taken away by the police. I saw Kennedy's man being taken away by the police.

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vice after she was twenty-one, and before her confinement, which she had not done. The constructive relationship of master and servant, it was claimed to be very clear, did not exist.

The Judge said he had a doubt as to the plaintiff's right to recover. If her story was true, the seduction occurred before she was of age, and that would seem to be sufficient to prevent her from recovering. Notwithstanding she was working for herself for three years previously, yet that privilege was at any time revocable by the father. He would let the jury pass upon that as a fact in the case.

The case was given to the jury, and they in their wisdom found for the defendant. Thus did that claim for \$10,000 damages vanish into thin air.

CITY EXPOSITOR.

Fleishman Murder by a Courtroom—A Policeman of the Eighth Precinct the Victim—Arrest of the Murderer—Coroner's Inquest, etc.

A tragedy of more than ordinary horror took place on Saturday evening last at the corner of Canal and Mercer streets. A policeman, named Robert S. McChesney, attached to the Eighth Precinct, was fatally stabbed in the neck by a drunken wretch, whose depredations have been the cause of serious apprehension to the police force of that locality for some time. The unfortunate policeman, who had been on the force but a short time, was patrolling his post, when his attention was attracted to the noise of a brawling inebriate. He proceeded toward the locality and found that a well known profligate, named Margaret Walsh, alias Fanny Wright, partially intoxicated, was the operator, and was creating quite an excitement in the immediate vicinity.

The woman was on the other side of the line which divided the posts of her partner from those of the ground. McChesney hesitated about interfering with the woman, but from the fact that she was grossly insulting those who passed, and at the earnest solicitation of several citizens, McChesney stepped forward and tried to arrest her. Just before he approached her he noticed that in her hand she held a knife and was trying to conceal it from him. Knowing well her character, the desperation that would be the general reputation she bore, the officer did not like to take hold of her, and in order to convey her safely to the station-house he stopped to give the alarm.

As he went over and gave the signal the woman sprang upon him and struck him with her arm raised high above her head and brought it down with terrible force. The blade of the knife which she held cut the left side of McChesney's neck and severed the carotid artery. The blood spouted out upon those around, and the unfortunate officer, with the dying exclamation, "My God, I'm stabbed," fell to the sidewalk, bleeding like a wounded sheep. Samuel B. Seaman, a fellow officer of McChesney, who heard the alarm, ran up, and hurried to the spot. As he reached there he saw the infuriated drunk strike the policeman, and arriving just in time to see the blood gush from the wound in the neck of McChesney. Another officer followed by the arrival of other policemen, who secured the assailant, and she was disarmed and taken to the station-house. The injured officer was then taken to the hospital, and the body of the slain policeman was placed therein and was taken to the City Hospital, but before they reached the gates the spirit of McChesney had fled, and the coach contained but the corpse. The body was taken to the morgue, and the police were compelled to place the iron on her arms to prevent self-destruction.

Her appearance denoted that she fully realized the terrible crime she had perpetrated.

The murderer, a besotted, filthy-looking wretch—was locked up in a cell. When the intelligence was imparted to her that the victim of her passions was dead, her ravings were such that the police were compelled to place the iron on her arms to prevent self-destruction.

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an inquest. The evidence elicited was given by the mother of the unfortunate girl, who set forth the facts above enumerated. The jury, after due deliberation, rendered a verdict of death by suicide while laboring under temporary insanity.

An Old Citizen.

United States Commissioner Betts discharged Mr. Nicholas Seagrist, a few days since, there being no evidence that he had attempted to defraud the Government by presenting forged pension papers. The Commissioner reserved his decision in the case of Mathias Getzel,

